

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,  
 For what aduancement may I hope from thee  
 That no reuenuew hast but thy good spirits  
 To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flatterd?  
 No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,  
 And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee  
 Where thrift may follow fauning; doost thou heare,  
 Since my deare soule was mistress of her choice,  
 And could of men distinguish her election,  
 S'hath seald thee for herselfe, for thou hast been  
 As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,  
 A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards  
 Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those  
 Whose blood and iudgement are so well comedled,  
 That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger  
 To sound what stop she please: giue me that man  
 That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him  
 In my harts core, I in my hart of hart  
 As I doe thee. Something too much of this,  
 There is a play to night before the King,  
 One scene of it comes neere the circumstance  
 Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,  
 I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,  
 Euen with the very comment of thy soule  
 Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt  
 Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,  
 It is a damned ghost that we haue scene,  
 And my imaginations are as foule  
 As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull note,  
 For I mine eyes will riuert to his face,  
 And after we will both our iudgements ioine  
 In censure of his seeming.  
*Hor.* Well my lord,  
 If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing  
 And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,  
 Polonius, Ophelia.*

*Ham.* They are comming to the play. I must be idle,

*Prince of Denmark*

Get you a place.

*King.* How fares our cosin *Hamlet*?

*Ham.* Excellent yfaith,  
 Of the Camelions dish, I eate the  
 Promiscram'd, you cannot feede

*King.* I haue nothing with this  
 These words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now my Lord  
 You playd once i'th Vniuersitie y

*Pol.* That did I my Lord, and

*Ham.* What did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I  
*Brutus* kild mee.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him  
 Be the Players readie?

*Ros.* I my Lord, they stay vpon

*Ger.* Come hether my deere

*Ham.* No good mother, heere

*Pol.* O ho, doe you marke that

*Ham.* Lady shall I lie in your lap

*Oph.* No my Lord.

*Ham.* Doe you thinke I meant

*Oph.* I thinke nothing my Lord

*Ham.* That's a fayre thought to

*Oph.* What is my Lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Oph.* You are merry my Lord.

*Ham.* Who I?

*Oph.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* O God your onely ligge  
 be merry, for looke you how chere  
 father died within's two howres.

*Oph.* Nay, tis twice two month

*Ham.* So long, nay then let the  
 rate of fables; ô heauens, die two  
 then there's hope a great mans me  
 yeere, but ber Lady a must build  
 not thinking on, with the Hobby  
 ô, the hobby-horse is forgot.